Sturdy little farmer boy, tell ne how you When't is time to plow the fields, and to reap

and mow.

Do the hens "with yellow legs"
Scold you when you hunt for eggs?
Do you drive the ducks to drink, waddin a row?

Do the pigs in concert (quest)
When you bring their evening meat?
I me, little farmer boy, for I'd like
know.

Nimble little sailor boy, tell me how you

know
How to navigate your ship when the tempests blow.
Do you find it pretty hard
Clinging to the topsati-yard?
Don't you fear some stormy day overboard

you'll go?

Do they let you take a light
When you go aloft at night?

Tell me, little sailor boy, for I'd like to
know.

Little boys of every kind, tell me how you That 't is time ere school begins rather ill to

Boes the pain increase so first
That 't is terrible at last?
Don't you quickly convalesce when too late

Do you think I am a dunce?

Was n't I aschool-boy once?

mo, all you little boys, for I'd like to John S. Adams, in St. Nicholas for Septém-

WHY HAD HE LEFT HER?

"Papa, I would thank you for a check for three hundred pounds, before you go down town this morning."
"Why do you want so much, An-I thought I gave you enough,

yesterday. "True, papa; but Madame Fontaine gives a wedding reception for her daughter Clara next Wednesday evening, and I must have a dress suitable for the occasion. "Certainly, my dear; your father de-

lights in nothing so much as in seeing you enjoy the rich blessings that have been given us. I love to see you look a very queen among the rest. sadly disturbed yesterday afternoon.' Why, papa?

And stately Anthine Elleston leaned over the velvet easy-chair, and drew her white fingers care-singly through the silky white hair of the father she loved so well.

"Because, just as I was leaving my office to step into the carriage, a little black-eyed child, with such a famished face, put out her thin hand and begged for a penny-only one, because her papa was so sick and hungry. I was tired, and cold, and impatient, and I knew I had nothing less than a sovereign in my pocket, so I told the child I had nothing for her, and hurried into the carriage, and told John to drive on.

"But I caught the disappointed look on that child's face, and it has haunted me ever since. "My dear father, you are too sensi-

tive about such things. You are in no way to blame. You cannot be expected to give to every little beggar-child you "I know that, Thenia," that was his

pet name for his elegant daughter; "but I have been thinking that, as Heaven has given much to us, He will expect much from us."
"We do all we can, I am sure; and I would think no more about this little

incident. The child will get along well enough. They all manage to live in some way.

So the matter rested; neither father nor daughter forgetting it, either when the costly dress was bought, or later still, when in the elegantly appointed boudoir, Anthine Elleston stood before the long pier-glass, that reflected back her stately form in all its queen-like beauty, arrayed in the sea-green silk, whose folds, as she moved, seemed like so many silver-tipped waves, half hid though they were by the costly lace

Diamonds and rubies sparkled on her fair neck, were clasped on each shapely arm, and shone amid the satinlike coils of her dark hair, that was her head, and a gem larger than the rest sparkled above her forehead.

She was a beantiful woman; she knew it, and gloried in it. Her father was proud of her, and she strove to please him; but that which steeled her heart, and made her so haughty and reserved-so heartless, as her admirers said-was the fearful blow she received when only eighteen.

On that eighteenth birthnight the grand old mansion was thrown open to goodly company, and Anthine, in her fair young beauty, with the orangeflowers on her brow, sait waiting, with her bridal-robes around her, for him who had chosen her to walk beside him down life's pathway. Paul Wellington was a noble fellow

-manly, truthful, and upright in every action of his life; even then, though only twenty-five, a lawyer of some note. But on this bridal-night, with guests awaiting, and the bride as beautiful and loving as a bride could be, no bridegroom claimed the bride.

A telegram to his distant home was sent, and the answer came at once that Paul Wellington, on the day he expected to start for his wedding, sailed in a steamer for India, without any explanation whatever. It was a fearful blow to poor Anthine,

but her pride came to her rescue, and when she went out again she was, as we find her now, stately, and far more beautiful than in loving girlhood.

It is seven years since that night, when that act of her lover, who seemed so noble and good to her, sent the chillness of death to her heart.

It was past understanding, and after a time she ceased trying to comprehend it, and sealed her heart to mankind, elinging only to her father, who idolized her.

Paul Wellington came back from India, came once to Anthine, and begged to see her, but she refused to

meet him. Then he sent her a letter, entreating

her to read his explanation, but she returned it unopened. He became distinguished in his pro-

fession, and occasionally they met in society, and though Anthine could not belp noticing the sad expression on his face, she invariably avoided meeting his glances, and when obliged to speak to him, she did so with as much coolness as politeness would allow.

To-night she knows that Paul Wellington is to be an honored guest at her friend's house, and almost unconscious-ly she has chosen her dress to suit his instes, as she remembered it so long

Now she fastens her gloves, and picks up her jeweled boquet-holder, in a half reverie, thinking, perhaps, of a time when she was bride expectant, as happy for a little time as the bride she

was going to greet.
Oh, will happiness ever come to me grain?" she murmurs softly to herself, as she sinks on the carriage cushions

and is driven rapidly away.

The parlors were crowded, the music was perfect, the guests the gayest, the bride and bridegroom the handsomest, the whole scene like some fairy picture, but somehow, in spite of the admiration universally accorded to

as she moved up and down the long room, looking every inch a queen in her royal beauty, her heart was strangely sad, and it was a positive relief when a maid in attendance brought her a scaled note.

Breaking the seal in the dressingroom, she rend: "In memory of one who loved you, 'not wisely, but too well,' come to your dying cousin. I send my little girl to conduct you, late though it is. You won't refuse me, Anthine; you cannot when I am dying.

JAMES HOLMES." It was all very strange, but Anthine

a moment. That cousin James had been the banof her life. A gay frollesome fellow, whose love for jokes was unbounded, and whose love for Anthine was a mixture of teasing and adoration.

noble-hearted as ever, never hesitated

A long time ago he declared his in tention of going to seek his fortune and a wife, and this note Anthine holds in her hand is the first they have heard of him all these long years.

It took but a moment to send for her father, and give their adieux to their hostess, and find the little girl waiting at the gate, and then direct their drive to the address the little girl gave them. But it was a sudden change, to go from the grand mansion, with its beautiful grounds and gaslight, and music and feasting, only a few streets back, into such depth of misery and filth and wickedness as they found themselves, when the carriage stopped before a tumble-down-looking building, with broken windows and rickety steps.

Even Anthine's step faltered as they followed the quick step of the little girl up broken stairways,, down dark passages, until the garret was reached at last, hearing at every door the vilest oaths, and often screams and blows.

Anthine had often visited the poor, and to the sick and needy had often brought clothes and delicacies, but such misery she had read of, but thought it a stretch of a vivid writer's imagination-now she knew it to be real.

Opening a door that hung by one hinge, they entered the room of death, One tallow-eandle lighted the room, but after the darkness of the hall, it seemed quite bright, and showed plainly the straw bed in the corner, on which lay gasping the little girl's father. It seemed impossible that the faded sallow face and attenuated form could

loving James. "Oh, Thenia, I knew you would come! I felt you must," said he fee-bly, as he held out a thin hand to each of them. "God is good, when I least deservo it."

ever have been the dashing and fun-

"Tut, tut, boy; why haven't you sent to us-nay, come to us, instead of suf-fering like this," spoke out good Mr. Elleston.

"Oh, unele, I could not, until life was despaired of, come to those I have so deeply injured!" 'Hush, hush, James; you were wild, out you never hurt us, and it is folly to

talk so. You must go home with us now. "Uncle-Athine, your kindness overpowers me. Don't you see-ean't you see that I am dying? and, oh, I must tell you while life lasts."

"Tell us what, James?" asked Anthine softly, as she put her cool soft hand over his fevered forehead. 'Thenia, do you remember your wedding night, seven years ago? And did

you ever wonder why Paul never came to vou? Yes, yes, indeed. Tell me, do you know why?" and unconsciously she

drew nearer. 'Oh, Thenia, it was some of my ac cursed folly. I loved you and hated Paul, and was envious of him for having won what I was unworthy of. And for you, he received a letter telling him mediately on your bridal-tour, bidding wound in the form of a coronet round him forget you and seek some one more worthy. To that letter your name was signed, Thenia, and it was posted here. You know Paul's proud heart, how such a blow was death to him, and how he sailed in the first ves-

sel that left the harbor. "I thought to win you then, Thenia, but in your proud eyes I saw no hope of ever taking Paul's place, so I went away and found a soft-voiced little girl, who loved me only too well, and only lived long enough after I called her wife to give me a little velvet-cheeked baby, whom we christened Anthine, after you; and then, with that innocent baby looking into my eyes, I wrote again to Paul, and confessed my wickedness. Directly, with new hopes, he came to you, but you refused to see him. He wrote to you, but you returned his letter unopened, and with a sad-dened heart he began anew, striving for fame and honor, that you might know he was incapable of the base act of which you believed him guilty. When he sought me he could not find me, until a few days ago. It was very wicked, Thenia, but oh, forgive me!

pleaded the dying man.
"It was wicked, James, but we were taught to forgive," spoke up her clear, pure voice, though her eyes were full of tears.

Poor James Holmes was weeping. oo, as he gathered his little girl closer, but he was failing, as they could see. Suddenly his eyes brightened, and he said feebly:
"There is his step on the stairs now.

Thank Heaven! he has not come too late. I can see the hands clasped that once separated." A moment more, and Paul Welling-

ton, in all his noble manhood, stood before them. One clasp of the sick man's hand, one look in Anthine's eyes, and the estranged ones were weeping in each

other's arms. Out of the darkness has come light. Henceforth when they wept they would weep together.

Mr. Elleston grasped Paul's hand warmly, and then they turned to him whose troubled look still told that life's care was not yet ended. He was point-

ing at his little daughter.
"She shall be cherished and cared for," was Paul's solemn answer, as he put his hand on her curiy head, while her little eyes looked from one to another in childish wonder.
All care was over. He had sinned

much, and much had been forgiven. The film of death was gathering now, but a settled peace came over his face, as his uncle prayed that Heaven would be merciful, and then his soul

was borne from earth away.

Months after this, when the little one had grown accustomed to her now home and her new relatives, there was a joyous but quiet wedding. Anthine is as queen-like and beautiful as ever, but her greatest joy is in her own home with her father, and husband, and chil-

Her little namesake is tenderly cher ished, and little pleading voices that say, "A penny—only one," are never turned away empty-handed, for the little dark-eyed child, that haunted Mr. Elieston so was poor James's little Anthine. A BRAVE MAN'S DEATH.

The Story of Lieutenant Kislingbury' Sufferings as Told by Greely.

Greely says of Kislingbury that he was a brave and noble man, who did his duty on every occasion, and did it He never flinched, and while he could, he took even more than his share of hardships. So far from there being ill-feeling between him and Greely it was the reverse. He supported Greely and was one of his favorite officers. Kislingbury and Connell did most of the hunting, as they were the best shots. Once, while hunting, Kisling-bury fell through the ice and besides rupturing himself got himself thoroughwet, a most disastrous thing in those regions. He crawled into the bag that was his bed and endeavored to dry, which took him several days, and in se doing caught a severe cold. He would erawl out in the sun when it was shining in the effort to warm himself. He recovered from the rupture but his strength never returned. One day, while out hunting he ran up a hill and came back quite exhausted. He said

as he sank down:
"Well, boys, I think I've overdone
myself this time." The bear which he shot had been carried off on an ice floe and lost, but Kislingbury, as delirium came on, seemed to think that it had been taken into camp. He continually

"God sent that bear. Providence

sent it. He often spoke of his boys and of his friends in Detroit and Windsor. Just before he died he sang the doxology. While lying there he made a tin box from the fruit cans, and in this box he placed his wife's ring, the plants and minerals they had collected, and said that he wanted them buried with him, or sent to his boys, if the party was rescued when he died. He wanted to be buried in the North, where his trials and sufferings had been.

Kislingbury was the most religious man in the party and he did much good among the men. He held services over the dead and prayed frequently with the living. His last words were, "Aggie, Aggie,"

his wife's name. Lieut. Greely and his wife both knew Lieut. Kislingbury long before this ill-fated expedition, and both spoke of him in the highest terms of praise.

Among the party there was the kind-liest feeling. Mr. Clark saw and talk-ed with all the saved, and they corroborated what Greely said. Officers and men shared the hardships alike. They slept together, and ate from the same

It has been said that an American will joke even in the presence of death. The wretched, starving men had their daily joke by getting up burlesque bills While they were living on sealskins they wrote out bills of fare, many of which are in Kislingbury's journal. Each day one of the men would write a bill of fare, putting down the articles of food which he would like to have. It must have been rather grim humor when the starving men read of fried oysters, oxiail soup, breaded chops, etc., as they took their scanty rations. These terrible Barmacide feasts, however, ceased

as death began to thin the ranks.

When Mr. Clark spoke to Greely about the remarks that had been made in reference to the destruction of the boat and the failure to make an effort to reach the food on Littleton Island, Greely said; "My God! do you think there was any effort under heaven that was omitted by men in our position to better our condition? The current between us and Littleton Island ran six the morning before he expected to start | miles an hour out to the open sea. The channel was full of floating icebergs and floes over which we would have had to climb, and which would have crushed our boat like an egg-shell." Detroit Free Press.

Judgment on a Hot Mexican Dish.

Some time ago Col. Milbank visited Mexico, and, upon returning, declared that the Mexicans are the only people in the world who know how to cook. "Why," said he to his wife, "their dish of 'cheely' is excellent. You take a handful of bird-peppers, mix a little meal, and stew 'em up. Of course it's hot, and, especially with a stranger, seems to be composed of three parts fire and one part torment; but after a man gets used to it, why there's nothing that has such a tendency to promote digestion. It undoubtedly pro-longs life, keeps the mind active, and tends toward a general promotion of good feeling. I have brought home a sack of those peppers, and at every meal after this I shall expect my favor-

Bird-pepper entered into the Colon-el's daily diet. No one thought of sharing the dish with him until several days ago when old Uncle Sam Blacka-more of Red Fork township came to the city and called at the Colonel's The old man, while at dinner, house. noticed the host dipping into what appeared to be cooked tomatoes, and, turing an animated discussion into which the subject of a literal place of torment in the world to come entered strongly, he reached over and helped

himself to a spoonful of stewed pepper. "Now," said the old fellow, lifting a good-sized blaze on the point of his knife, and holding it near his mouth until he should reach a semicolon, "I am a little quar in my belief, and don't hesitate to say that the wicked will be

roasted like a 'possum—''

He dropped the knife, wiped his tongue on his cont-sleeve, and, without speaking, he "hauled off" with a sauce bottle and knocked the Colonel down. The Colonel, being resentful and impetuous, arose and discouraged old Blackamore's familiarity by his favorite dish into his visitor's frank and open countenance. A hand-tohand encounter ensued, resulting in the defeat of the Colonel and the subsequent arrest of the old man. The case was taken to court, and tried by an eminent Justice of the Pence, a jurist whose idea of justice rarely meets with reversal, except when it chances to fall under the severe gaze of a judge

who knows the law.
When the lawyers had closed their arguments the old Justice killed s orse-fly with a paper-cutter and said:
"This court is ready to deliver its pinion. The court holds that the defendant had a right to visit the land of the Montezumas and Cortezes, and while there had a perfect right to form a taste for the dishes prepared by the inhabitants of that country. This court furthermore holds that the defendant had a perfect right to prepare the dish and eat it under the American flag; in other words, he had a right to put it on his table."

"Then I understand," said the lawyer for the plaintiff, "that you have decided in our favor?"

"Just wait, if you please, until this court has concluded the decision. In order to be thoroughly prepared to judge the case wisely, this court order-

ed and tasted a sample of the stuff brought from the depraved land of the ezumas, and this court is prepared to say that a man who wouldn't knock a fellow down for placing such a hidden mine of explosive compounds within his reach ought to break out with the nettle-rash and be deprived of the right of suffrage. This court would advise the plaintiff to keep out of the defendant's way, but will say that, if the defendant don't catch him and maal the eternal pizen out of his disposition, he will lay himself liable to a fine and the odium of being considered a blamed fool by this court."—Arkansaw Traveler.

A Chinese Shave.

The customer seats himself erect or stool or bench, with the knowledge that an hour must pass before he is released. The barber begins operations by carefully washing the victim's face, ears, and head with very warm water, wiping off the dripping parts with a wet towel. He then begins shaving the head, or rather around the crown where the cue begins, commencing over the right ear and moving along until the forehead and the lower part of the backhead are cleaned. He next passes to the face and afterward to the neck. The ears are shaved and carefully brushed out and cleaned with delicate brushes and ingenious instruments. The face, neck and arms are then washed and rubbed until the skin then washed and rustee. The second assumes a healthy pink. The second movement cure." The barber begins to turn and manipulate the head and neck until every cord and muscle has been stretched, pinched and pulled. The shoulders, arms and back are also scientifically pounded and pulled until the victim expresses a desire to have the manipulating stop. The cue is then unbraided, combed and cleaned, and again braided up and put in place. Occasionally, when a barber desires to show great attention to a distinguished customer, he rubs and pulls his lingers. and even his toes, until the joints

Ram Chandra Bose, the native Indian Methodist, in an address at Round Lake, explained the mythology of his name. "A huge giant," he said, "with 100 heads and 1,000 arms, lived in the island of Ceylon. But his 100 heads did not make him a good man, for he had a bad heart, and delighted in great cruelties. This giant also cruelly oppressed the gods in all the regions around. Vishnu was finally importuned, with great weeping, to interfere and save both gods and men from the cruel oppression of this horrid giant. The prayer was granted, and he god became incarnate and led a host of monkeys to the home of the wicked giant, who was overcome and slain. This incarnation of Vishnu was cal ed Ram Chandra.

Three Peculiarities

Second.-The proportion in which they are mixed. Third.-The process by which the active medica

oprieties are secured. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, which facts cures hitherto unknown. These peculiaritie UNKNOWN TO OTHERS

"In four weeks Hood's Saraaparilla made me a new an. My head ceased to ache, and my whole system built up anny, enjoying perfect health. It is the st medicine I ever used, and after trying others I kees ours more than three halfs of find it has no equal."-I. BARRENGTON, 130 Bank | the time. treet, New York City.

y blood was all out of order. I took Hood's Saraparilla and am feeling perfectly well. It has been a great benefit to me."-FINLEY A. FEE, Lima, Obio **Hood's Sarsaparilla** Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecartes, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar Causes no Pain.

Gives relief at once. Thorough
Treament will
Cure, Not a Liquid or Snuff. Apply with Finger. Give it a Trial.

50 cents at Drug-gists; 60 cents by HAY-FEVER mail registered. Sample bottle by mail 10 cents. ELY BROS., Druggists, OWEGO, N. Y.





Farms For Sale.

The Finest List of Farms for Sale Ever issued in Michigan. Contains over to each description, making a ready reference index. The last page contains descriptions of Detroit City Property for

For free distribution by

George W. Snover, 103 GRISWOLD ST.,

"OVER AND OVER AGAIN."

Repetition is sometimes the only way impress a truth upon the mind. Accordingly take notice that Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," (the original Little Liver Pills) continue to be wonderfully effective in case of sick and nervous headache, constipation, in-digestion, rush of blood to the head, cold extremities, and all ailments arising from obstruction of the bodily functions Their action is thorough yet gentle, and the ingredients being entirely vegeta-ble, they can be taken with impunity into the most delicate stomach. druggists.

A Negro, whose age was stated at 113 years, voted at the recent election in Abbeville, Ala.

OLD INVETERATE STRICTURES of the urethra, speedily and perma neutly cured by our improved methods. Pamphiet, references and terms, two three-cent stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street,

Buffalo, N. Y. Vermontville thermometers are high steppers, and recently registered 1094 in the shade.

When everything else fails, Dr. Sage's Catarrh remedy cures. TO THE UNMARRIED.

An Association for Their Benefit and What it is Doing for The m.

and What it is Doing for The m.

There are but few of the many unmarried persons in Michigan who are aware that an institution organized to assist its members upon entering the matrimonial state, has been in existence the past year and a haif.

This association is known as the Mutual Marriage Benevolent Association of Marine City, having been incorporated under the laws of Michigan in 1883, it is the only institution of its kind in the state. The association has paid in benefits since August 2, \$6,000, and is paying several thousand dollars a month to its members.

The following letters of acknowledgement are a few of the many the association are re-

ceiving.

MARINE CITY, Mich., Aug. 3, 1884.

M. M. B. Association:

Gentlemen—Please accept my thanks for the very prompt manner in which you have paid my benefit, amounting to one thousand dollars (\$1,000). This speedy settlement should make the Mutual Marriage Benevolent Association deserving of confi sence and patronage of severy unmarried person in the state. ciation deserving of confilence and patronage of every unmarried person in the state. I have derived a larger benefit by being a member of the association than I ever antic pated. As an investment I hnow of no equal, and I would advise every unmarried person to join the association; and hoping that success may continue to crown the Mutual Marriage Association and that it may be the means of making happy the hearts and homes of thousands of young married people, I am

Yours, thankfully,

GEO. McHANEY.

MARINE CITY, Sept. 3, 1833.

To the officers of the M. M. B. Association:
Gentlemen—I take this opportunity of thanking you for the promptness in which you have paid my benefit amounting to one thousand dollars. I am very much pleased with the manner in which my claim has been settled, and wishing the association every success, I terman. Very truly your. remain Very truly yours,
MRS. ROSE McDONALD.

Masine City, Mich., Sept. 10, 1884.

I am in receipt of benefit on my certificates, and am much pleased with my investment. This benefit will be the means of paying off the mortgage on my home, leaving me out of debt and a balance to put in the bank for a rainy day. Thanking the association for what it has done for me, I remain Very truly yours, ORVILLE W. McDONALD.

All unmarried persons, of either sex should in. Write for circulars explaining the plan. Address the Secretary, R. McNEIL, Marine City, Mich. Sings a seaside poet, "Alone my lonely watch I keep." You are lucky. Man with the golden three base bails

"I have been troubled with general debility, and Dilles Itching or Blooding, relieved and per-J. W. COLE & CO., Prop's, Black River Falls, Wis.

A Story of a Tree-Frog. One sultry night, in Indiana, I sat busily writing upstairs close to an open window. My lamp, placed upon my desk, attracted countless numbers of the insect world that come out to see

their friends only after dark; there was

a constant buzz around the lamp, and

many a secrebed victim, falling on its back, vainly kleked its little logs in Suddenly a clear low whistle sounded from the window-a sound somewhat like the sound made when a boy blows into the orifice of a trunk-key. Startled for a moment, I turned my chair and beheld on the window sill a little tree-frog gravely looking at me. His skin -of an exquisite pale apple-green color -shone in the lamp-light. Fearful that I might frighten him away, I sat motionless in the chair, watching him intently. Presently he gave another little whistle, as clear and sharp as a bird note. He was evidently making up his mind that I was to be trusted (a confidence not misplaced), and so he gave an easy spring and was on the desk before me. I hardly dared to breathe, lest he should be alarmed. He looked at me carefully for a few minutes; and then, hopping under the lamp, he began a slaughter of the insect creation, such as I had never before witnessed. He captured in a flash any careless fly or moth that came near him, declining to touch the dead

ones that had cremated themselves. After half an hour's enjoyment of this kind, my apple-green friend hop-ped rather lazily across the desk, re-peated the whistle with which he had entered-as if to say good night-and went out into the dark. I proceeded with my work and soon forgot my visitor. But judge my surprise when on the next night he again appeared, again signalled his coming with his

musical cry, and again took up his po-sition under my lamp. For nearly three weeks did my small friend visit me nightly, and he and I became great friends. House flies were his special delicacy. Stealthily crawling up the painted wall, clinging to the smooth surface with the little disks or suckers on his feet, he would draw close up to his body first one leg then the other, and when within proper dis-tance, he would dart forward and, snatching the fly, would swing head downward, his hind feet glued firmly to the wall! Then, attaching his forefeet, he would move on in quest of an-

He never missed his aim, and he would quietly and calmly zig-zag up and down the side wall after every fly he saw there. He became quite accustomed to me, and would hop on my 150 descriptions with marginal red line hand, and sit there looking at me with notes, giving number of acres and price a grave composure ludicrous to behold.

To each description, making a ready ref. - T. Lancey, in St. Nicholas for Sep-

"The glorious elimate of California" has had a terrible stigma put upon it by a Nihilist. He was exiled from St. Petersburg two years ago, but es-caped and made his way to San Fran-cisco. From there he went to Sacra-mento. After five months of it he wrote a note to the Russian Consul surrender-DETROIT - MICH. ing himself, and goes back with cheer-



EXAMINED WITH OUR NEW TEST LENSES BY WHICH WE OFTEN SUCCEED WHEN

OTHERS FAIL ROEHM & WRIGHT. MPORTERS, JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS

140 WOODWARD AVE., DETROIT MICH. HEADQUARTERS -(FOP)-Campaign Flags & Banners.

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David Preston & BANKERS. DETROIT. - MICHIGAN. ESTABLISHED 1859.

We transact a general Bankink Business.

Prompt and careful attention to Collections only part of the globe. BONDS.

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Farms For Sale A large list of Farms in Michigan

WANTED—A description of every Farm or piece of property for sale or exchange in Mich-igan. Money to Loan on Farms in

FORSALE OR EXCHANGE:

Eastern Michigan. ADDRESS, W. W. HANNAN,

Texas boasts of a potatoe shape exactly like a human foot, even to the

DETROIT, MICH

Buhl Block.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is not only pleasant take but it is sure to cure.

There is a girl in Turner, Me., who smokes, chews, shaves, swears, and wears a man's hat. We direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement of W. W. Hannan, the live Real Estate agent of Detroit, who has farms for SALE and WANTS your PARMS for Sale.

Leprosy has prevailed in a virulent form in Brazil for 200 years.

When you visit or leave New York City, via Central depot, save Baggage Expressage and \$3 Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite said depot. Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million doilars; \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Ann Arbor wants a street railway. OILY GAMMON.

A nick-name given to a smooth-talking law-yer. But there is no gammon about Carboline the great Petroleum hair renewer, it will do its work. The celebrated Brighton market fair opens Oct. 7th and lasts until the 10th

ease of the kidneys and liver during the past six months. Hunt's [Kidney and Liver] Rim-gry has made me a new man." Isaac W. Fair-brother, Providence, R. I. at a church fair, James Gormly of Setauket, N. Y., went home and drop-

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